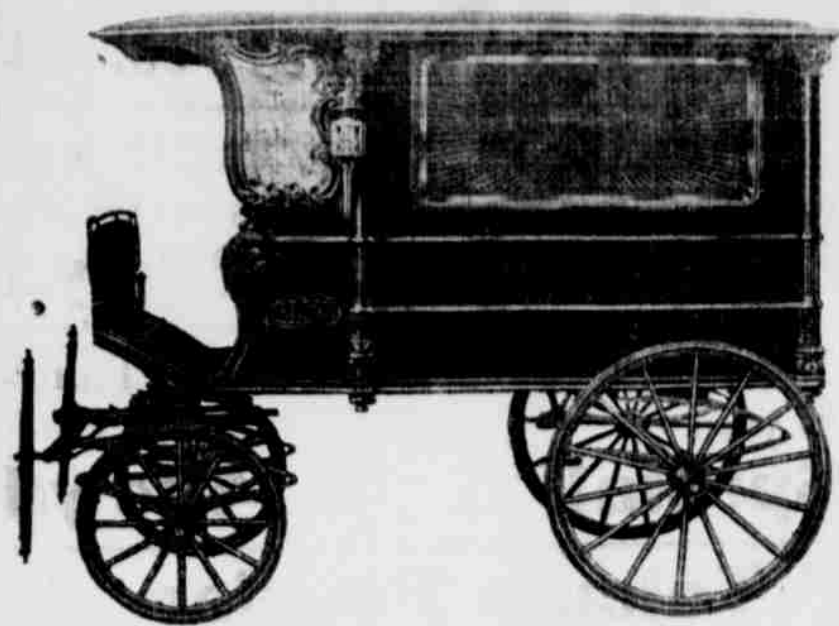


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Record Ads. Get The Business

## Found a Friend in Lincoln

\*\*\*\*\*  
WHEN coming from the reunion banquet of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Ohio volunteer infantry, which took place at the Grant hotel, Louis P. Bentley of Ludlow, Ky., after hearing eulogies of the war heroes, and especially of Abraham Lincoln, remarked to Alexander Hill, Sr.: "You did not know that for some months I was once a member of Abraham Lincoln's family, did you?"

"No, how did that happen?" asked Mr. Hill eagerly.

Then in a burst of patriotic pride and confidence, Mr. Bentley told the story which he has always kept to himself and family from an undue sense of modesty, which explains why Miss Ida Tarbell did not find him in writing her book, "He Knew Lincoln."

"It was in 1858," said Mr. Bentley, the other day, repeating his story, "and I was a boy of 18 who had learned the printing business and was staying in Decatur, Ill., then a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, and could not find work. I was boarding at the Ogelsby house, the only hotel in town, and had paid my last \$5 for board and was feeling about as blue as any one can feel under those circumstances. Stephen A. Douglas, then the Democratic senator from Illinois, was a candidate for re-election and his opponent, a young lawyer named Lincoln from Springfield, and he was having a series of five addresses, which have since become so famous. Both parties were in the hotel at that time to hold a debate that night, and Douglas, the man of the hour, was upstairs in the hotel parlor with a bottle of whisky, a box of cigars and surrounded by admiring friends who came to call upon him.

"There was great excitement in the town, and it centered in the hotel, but I was feeling too blue to care about it and sat in the office downstairs, not caring to speak to any one. A tall raw-boned man sat near me as much unnoticed as myself, all hunched up in his chair, whittling a little piece of wood.

"Do you belong here?" he asked.

"No," I replied.

"How long have you been here?"

"About a year."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"That is not a good thing for a young man of your age to do. Can you find work?"

"No," I replied, feeling very rebellious against fate.

"What do you do when you are working? Have you a trade?"

"Yes; I am a printer," I answered, wishing this man would stop his questions.

"Well, young man," he said kindly, "I have an interest in a newspaper in Springfield, and if you come back with me tomorrow I will see if the foreman of the printing room cannot give you a job. Will you come?"

"I do not know, I will see," I answered feeling more kindly toward this curious gentleman.

"Don't you want a job?" he asked quickly.

"Yes, I do," I answered, but I did not tell him the reason for my not accepting his offer. I had no means to go to Springfield, sixty miles away. It was the first time that I was broke and I hated to own it.

"He said nothing more, and that night after the debate, where there were as many as a half million people present in proportion to the size of the town, I came face to face with him again in the hotel office.

"Well, young man," he said, "are you going with me?"

"Then I confessed the reason why I could not.

"I knew then that my friend was Abraham Lincoln, the young Republican candidate for senator, who had debated with Stephen A. Douglas.

"It was near midnight and the steamboat was due to leave in a short time.

"You come with me, anyhow," said Mr. Lincoln, "and I will take care of you."

"I did not require much urging, and went to my room to collect my small belongings and joined his party.

"We arrived in Springfield the next morning and Mr. Lincoln took me to his home, giving me the only vacant room in his house, and I ate breakfast with the family. After that he took me to his law office and had a talk with his partner, Mr. Herndon; then we went to the printing office of the Illinois State Register, the paper in which he had an interest, and we had a talk with the foreman. The latter, after asking me to write something, said he was sorry, he saw I knew the work, but there was no position that he could give me at present, promising me, however, the first chance of work. At that my spirits, which had risen, dropped down again to a still lower ebb, until my benefactor said:

"Now, I am going to be away a great deal on this campaign and Mr. Herndon will be very busy, so how would you like to stay in the office and answer the questions of visitors for \$4 a week?" That was before the day of stenographers.

"I did not think there was so much money in the world, so I accepted the offer gladly and remained a resident of the Lincoln household for nine weeks. Mrs. Lincoln's aunt was go-

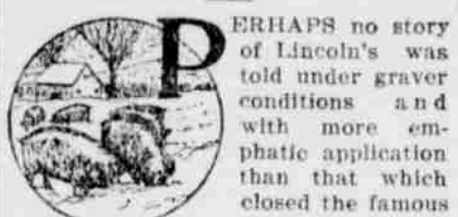
ing to make them a visit and that as I had the only vacant room in the house he would make arrangements for me to stay with a lady across the street, who had two young men boarding with her, if I did not care. I could not object and moved, and I suppose Mr. Lincoln paid my board all the time I was there as well as my salary, for I know I did not pay any. Then one day the foreman sent for me to work on a brief, and when it was finished, to my great delight, paid me full journeyman's wages. Altogether I remained in Springfield four months, going from there to St. Louis, where I went into a printing office; but I soon returned to Cincinnati and to Ludlow, where I have lived for nearly sixty years."

Mr. Bentley never had an opportunity to renew his acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln, but never forgot the helping hand which he extended to the lonely, despondent boy that night in Decatur, which played such an important part in the history of the great president himself.



### WAS READY WITH AN ANSWER

How Lincoln's Ingenious Mind Framed Effective Reply to Objections Against Emancipation.



PERHAPS no story of Lincoln's was told under graver conditions and with more emphatic application than that which closed the famous interview on the

steamer River Queen, at Hampton Roads, between Mr. Lincoln, Secretary Seward and the peace commission of the Confederacy. The discussion had reached its kernel, slavery.

The southern argument, in all its impressive force, was brought forward. If the south were to consent to a peace on the basis of emancipation of the slaves, the entire structure of southern society would be plunged into irretrievable ruin. No work would be done, nothing would be cultivated; whites and blacks alike must starve, for the freed slaves, accustomed to overseers, would undoubtedly abstain wholly from labor.

The president waited for Seward to make some effective rejoinder. But the experienced statesman could find no cogent reply. At length, Lincoln framed the answer, in a story culminating in a phrase that gave common currency to a colloquialism, coined among the log cabins of negroes and poor whites.

"Gentlemen," addressing the commissioners, "your statement of the conditions reminds me of a man out of Illinois, by the name of Case, who undertook to raise a very large herd of hogs. But, as they grew, it became too big a job to feed them. Finally he planted an immense field of potatoes; and, as soon as the potatoes were fairly grown, turned the whole herd into the field. The hogs did their own digging, and he leaned over the fence, proud of his idea. A neighbor came along.

"Well, well, Mr. Case," he remarked, "this is a grand idea. But butchering time is 'way off in December, and the frost comes early. Before you are ready to kill those hogs, the ground will be frozen a foot deep."

"Case scratched his head, and thought it over; but there was only one answer, and he gave it.

"I suppose it'll go pretty hard with their snouts; but all I can see for it is, root, hog, or die."

### Lincoln in His Prime



Sketched from a photograph of Lincoln at about 40. Note the keen, shrewd, though kindly expression of his eyes and mouth, and his fearless directness.

### Humorous Even in Discomfort.

"When Lincoln was on circuit in his lawyering days," said a Chicago veteran to the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, "he used to put up at some pretty bad taverns—taverns where, big as he was, by Crinus, he and the judges and the lawyers would have to sleep two and three in a bed. And what beds they were! Once, after a wretched night, Lincoln got up and walked to a notice on the wall that said, 'No smoking in the bedrooms.' He chuckled grimly. Then he took a pencil from his pocket and scribbled beneath the notice: 'The fleas don't like it.'"

## The Lincoln in Legend

THE Lincoln legends are many and various. We have them, as with all great names, humorous, pathetic, tragic, epic. Supernatural likewise, ascribing an influence in his career to signs and omens.

Noah Brooks, his biographer, says was also one of his intimates, says of Lincoln that by nature he was very superstitious, and attributes this to his backwoods upbringing. He gives us two or three instances in line with this assertion which we may take for they are worth. The first refers to Lincoln's second trip to New Orleans, when he and Dennis Hanks, his cousin, took a flatboat down the river to that port for Denton Offutt. "There is a tradition," says Brooks, "that during this visit to Louisiana (in May, 1831, when he was 22), Lincoln met an aged negress, who pretended to be a voodoo queen or fortune teller, and that she said to him: 'You will some day be president and all the negroes will be free.' But this is not authenticated. It is not unlikely that the woman had said the same thing to a great many young men."

The other story is of darker portent and more positive particulars. It is of the year 1860, the time of his first election as president, "Lincoln," says our authority, "took his election with a composure not untinged with sadness. A tremendous responsibility was now to be placed on him. The south had openly and repeatedly threatened to break up the union. . . . He was oppressed with many weighty and anxious thoughts. On the day the news came of his triumph a strange thing happened to him. Years after, when he had been nominated a second time to the presidency, he told this story to the writer:

"It was just after my election in 1860, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day and there had been a great 'Hurrah boys!' so that I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself down on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite where I lay upon a bureau, with a swinging glass upon it (there he got up and placed the furniture to illustrate the position), and, looking in that glass I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished.

"On lying down again I saw it a second time—plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler, say five shades, than the other. I got up and the thing melted away, and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour, forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite for the thing would, once in a while, come up and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. Later in the day I told my wife about it, and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when (with a laugh), sure enough the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it. She thought it a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."

Lincoln studied the problem for a while, the writer goes on to say, and came to the conclusion that it was an optical illusion caused by a flaw in the mirror. Mrs. Lincoln, however, he says, continued to take it as a warning. He had told the story before, he says, in an article in Harper's Magazine for July, 1865, while Mrs. Lincoln was yet alive to see it.

This same biographer mentions also the fact that at the cabinet meeting of the fateful April 14, 1865, the day he was killed, the president spoke of a "strange dream" he had had the night before; what it was, however, he did not say.

### Monument at Philadelphia



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Good house and lot, near new school house site, for sale very cheap. **Sharrar & Moore**

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# J. E. WILKE

Union Phone

FOREST HILL

### Thrilling Rescue.

A thrilling rescue on the line at Cambers, Northumberland, occurred recently. Quite unconscious, or careless of the approach of a goods train, a child wandered on to the North Eastern Railway and walked on to the permanent way. The engine driver tried to stop the train before it should reach the little one, but found the weight of the heavily burdened wagons too great for anything but a gradual pulling up. It seemed as if the child's fate was sealed, when the fireman, Coombes, rushed along the footplate, climbed onto a buffer of the engine, and swiftly hooked up the child with his legs when the train reached the spot. Taking the child unscathed in his arms, Coombes then climbed back along the footplate to safety.

### Almost Lost His Life.

S. A. Stid, of Mason, Mich., will never forget his terrible exposure to a merciless storm. "It gave me a dreadful cold," he writes, "that caused severe pains in my chest, so it was hard for me to breathe. A neighbor gave me several doses of Dr. King's New Discovery which brought great relief. The doctor said I was on the verge of pneumonia, but to continue with the Discovery. I did so and two bottles completely cured me." Use only this quick, safe, reliable medicine for coughs, colds, or any throat or lung trouble. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Wheaton & Sons, Rhodes Drug Store and the Rexall Drug Store.

### The Missing Link.

This day will be offered to public inspection, at a commodious room, opposite the new inn, Surrey side of Westminster bridge, at one shilling each, the Ethiopian savage. This astonishing animal is of a different species from any ever seen in Europe, and seems to be a link between the rational and brute creation, as he is a striking resemblance to the human species, and is allowed to be the greatest curiosity ever exhibited in England.—From the London Daily Advertiser, June 4, 1752.

### He won't Limp Now.

No more limping for Tom Moore of Cochran, Ga. "I had a bad sore on my instep that nothing seemed to help till I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve," he writes, "but this wonderful healer soon cured me." Heals old running sores, ulcers, boils, burns, cuts, bruises, eczema or piles. Try it. Only 25 cents at Wheaton & Sons, Rhodes Drug Store, The Rexall Drug Store.

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